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## Kennedy-Walker Land & Development Co., Inc.,

Kenbridge, Lunenburg County, Virginia.

### UGANDA HAS BUT TWO MONUMENTS

(Continued From First Page.)

brass in front, and at the back are huge curtains of bark cloth, the same material which forms the clothing of the king's widows.

#### Photographing the Queens.

Accompanied by my guide and a single native soldier, I made my way into the tomb. At first it seemed as dark as night, but as my eyes grew used to the gloom I could see about me. Squatted around the coffin and seated there on the grass in different parts of the hut were women of various ages, ranging from thirty-five upward. All had blankets of bark cloth wrapped about their bodies, covering their breasts but leaving the arms, shoulders and necks perfectly bare. They were barefooted and bareheaded, and with two exceptions their heads were shaved close to the scalp. Some of the younger women were fairly good-looking, but all were dark brown or black and of negro features. By the aid of my guide I was able to get a number of them outside in the sun, and by paying a little money, had them pose for a photograph. The widows have been so long in darkness that their eyes were almost blinded by the light, and it was only after a number of trials that I got a good picture.

These women were all wives of King Mutesa, and upon his death, by custom, they took their places about his coffin to guard his body for the rest of their natural lives. They have an allowance from the native government, and receive so much food and drink every day. I understand that there are a score or more of similar tombs in the country, each containing the body of a king who reigned long ago and each guarded by widows who are thus doomed to a living death. I spent some time around the tomb of a woman named Mutesa. The women were interested in me for a while, and then went back to their seats in the gloom. Here one sat and rocked to and fro; there another crawled over the grass, smoothing it out on the floor, and further over a third stretched herself out and kept a sadder sight I have never seen. Every woman seemed a petrified figure of despair, and the whole recalled Dante's inscription over the gates of hell: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here!"

#### How They Bury Kings in Uganda.

I have learned of the funeral of King Mutesa from the missionaries. It was more civilized than that of his predecessors. There were no human sacrifices at his death, and he was buried with his under jaw intact. He was the past the under jaw of a dead king was cut off and laid to one side. The body in the meantime had been wrapped in bark cloth by the prince, and was to succeed him, and the prince, or the king's tomb carrier, the keeper of the king's tomb, carried the body to this region where Mutesa lies.

Here the executioner cut off the jaw and laid it carefully away in a wooden bowl. After that the grass, tree-like tomb was built, and earth banked up around it to prevent the surface water flowing in. Then the body, minus the

jaw, wrapped in bark cloth, was laid on a bedstead in the centre of the tent, and the door was closed. Immediately following this came the sacrifices. Three of the king's chiefs and three high-class women of the same rank were seized and slaughtered in front of the door, and their bodies were left there to be devoured by the vultures. The three men who were killed were usually the king's cook, the man who had charge of his beer mugs and the boss of his cowboys. After this the jaw was placed in a hut built near by, and a chief was made guardian of it. Another chief became guardian of the tomb itself, and he and the widows took up their residence in it to watch over it.

#### Stories of King Mutesa.

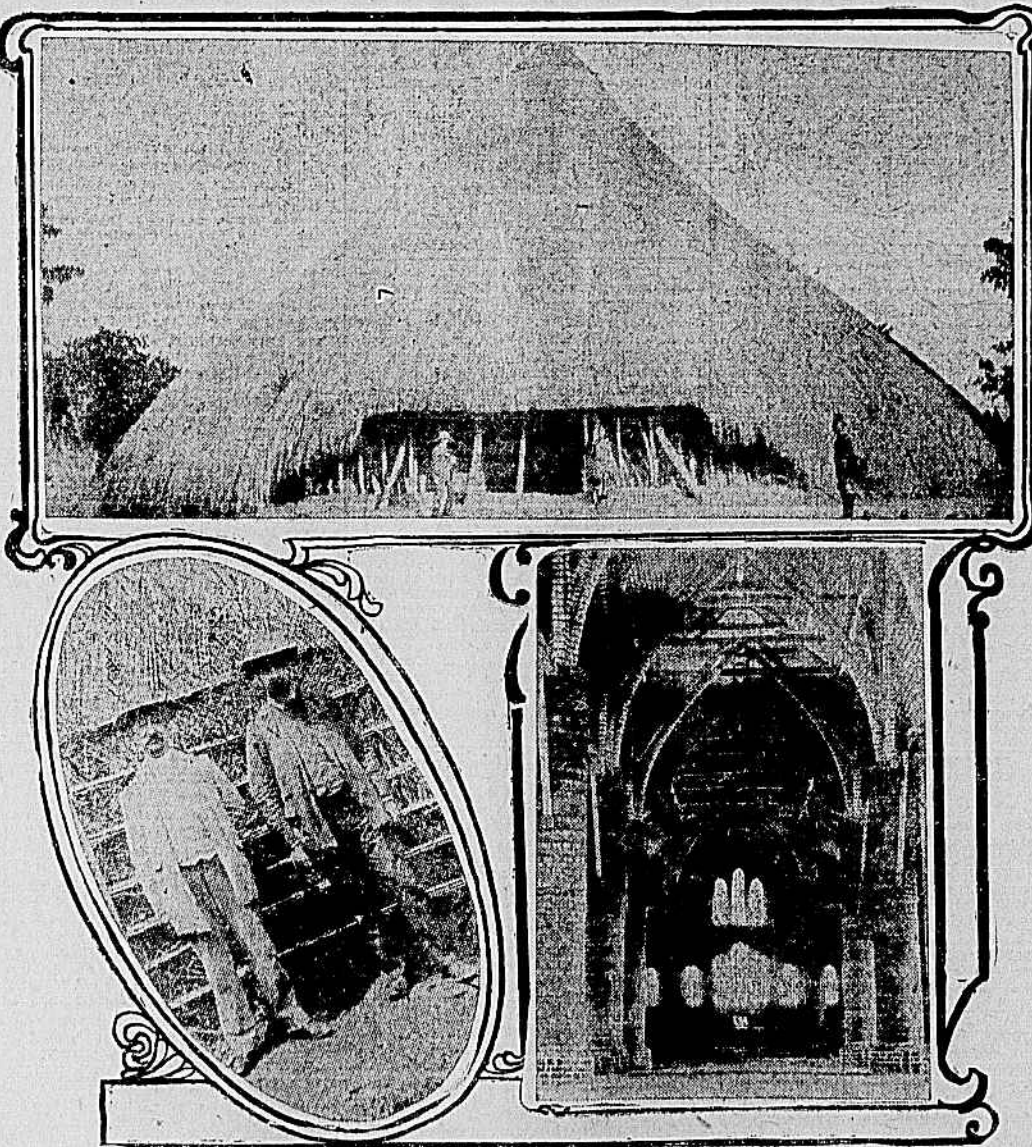
When King Mutesa died he ordered that the human sacrifices be done away with, and so his cook, beer man and chief cowherd went free, but the widows remained, and they are still on the job. This was so, although King Mutesa had some years previously killed 2,000 innocent men, women and children in one day to celebrate a tomb which he built in honor of his father. Had it not been for the work of the missionaries his own death would probably have been accompanied by a similar slaughter. The present king of Uganda, whom I have described in a previous letter, is a grandson of old Mutesa. He was baptized a Christian, and was then given the Bible name of David, which is here spelled Daudi. This boy king has a Christian tutor, and his prime minister, Apolo Katikiro, is a Christian, who, as a boy, was tortured for his religion.

I had heard many stories about old Mutesa since I came to Uganda. He was a mighty monarch and was governing the land or so people at the time Stanley came. He held his court here at Kampala, and the neighboring countries recognized his power and paid him tribute. I have already written of the blind musician, who lost his eyes because he could not play a piece this king, and of the royal drummer whose ears were cut off because one of Mutesa's daughters happened to spy him in swimming. Under King Mutesa it was considered indecorous for a man to show any part of his person, except his face, neck and feet, and if he happened to lift his dress a bit high and display a section of his calf in the royal presence he was liable to execution. This was so, notwithstanding the maids of honor inside the palace went naked and the king was waited upon by girls in a similar state.

#### and Fate of an Uganda Eve.

King Mutesa had scores of wives during his reign, but the two or three dozen that are now watching his tomb are all that remain. During the earlier part of his life he had a playful way of reducing his family whenever he became drunk. At such times he would take up his spear and stab at his wives right and left. I was told here of a picnic he once gave, at which all the ladies of the harem were present. One of the prettiest of the girls in the party thought to curry favor with her royal husband after the manner of Eve. She plucked a piece of fine fruit and offered it to him. The king thereupon denounced her for her familiarity and began to beat her with death with his club, when Speke, the explorer, who happened to be present, ran in and saved her.

### Namirembe Cathedral, King's Tomb and Missionaries



Two English Missionaries. Archdeacon Walker stands at the right.

THE TOMB OF KING MUTESA.

THE NAMIREMBE CATHEDRAL.

At that time the king had the right to any woman in the country, and no matter how many deaths, the harem was kept full. His majesty was supposed to marry only the daughters of chiefs, but if he fancied other girls he had the chiefs adopt them, and in this way they were brought into the harem.

As to Mutesa's cruelties, Apolo Katikiro, the present prime minister, describes how one of his wives was killed for speaking too loudly in the royal presence. The king was angry at her for her presumption, and straightway ordered that her nose and ears be cut off, and finally her head. This sentence was carried out right in the midst of the court crowd, and the soldiers laughed as they did it. An even more brutal beast than old

Mutesa was King Mwanga, who succeeded him. He reigned after the Christians missionaries had come in, and when the country was to a large extent converted to Christianity.

Mwanga was at times much opposed to the missionaries, and he tortured the Christians among the natives, cutting off the arms and feet of some and roasting others to death over slow fires. He killed several of the white missionaries and acted so that he brought about a civil war among his people. In this war the native Catholics and the native Protestants fought with each other, and for a time the country was under the control of the Mohammedans. The king himself was notoriously weak and notoriously bad. The organs of his palace were so disgraceful that they cannot be printed, and the people themselves were glad

when he was deposed, as they feared he would corrupt and wipe out the whole nation. The British at last threw him from the throne and chose Daudi Chai, who was then a baby, as king. That was about twelve years ago, and in the meantime the country has been ruled by this boy, with a regency of natives and a council of the chiefs.

#### How Stanley Introduced Christianity.

It was Henry M. Stanley who first brought Christianity into this part of the world. He came out here in 1876, and was well received by Mutesa. He urged the king to adopt the Christian religion, translated the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer for him, and found him so interested that he sent a letter to the London Telegraph begging the English to send out missionaries. He spoke of Uganda as the most promising field in the pagan world, and advised the English to work it. This letter was sent to Europe by way of the Nile. It was given to a Belgian messenger, but the Belgian was killed on his way down the river, and a government expedition was sent out to find his remains.

When they discovered the body Stanley's letter was still hidden in one of its bootlegs. It was forwarded to Chinese Gordon, at Khartum, and he sent it on to the London Telegraph. Three days after it was published an anonymous gift of \$25,000 was offered to the Church Missionary Society of England to begin work in the Uganda field, and \$25,000 more was added shortly thereafter. As a result eight young men were sent to Zanzibar, and from there they came overland to Lake Victoria. Others came south by way of the Nile, and within a short time the work of christianizing this nation began in earnest.

#### Fifty Thousand Native Preachers.

All this happened about thirty years ago, and now the archdeacon is practically a Christian. Of course, there are still many heathen among them, but I think it is safe to say that something like 1,000,000 of these natives believe in Christianity in one form or another. In addition to the Protestant movement, which is by far the most important, and which is under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society of England, a great work has been done by the Catholics. The White Fathers, a famous French denomination, have native churches scattered over the country and a large mission station here. The Mill Hill Mission, also Catholic, and composed largely of Irish priests, is doing a great work, having its churches, hospitals and schools. The converts of these two missions, usually marked by the little crosses which they wear around their necks, are to be seen everywhere.

As to the work of the Protestants, it is enormous. Archdeacon Walker, who is at the head of the Church Mission Society here, tells me that the first converts were baptized just last year. Uganda has 300 native Protestant churches and 300 native evangelists, who are going about over the country doing mission work. It has 50,000 native preachers, who are holding regular services from week to week. The natives have built their own churches, and they support their preachers.

The people go to church; they hold prayer-meetings and many of them are earnest Christians. They are called to church by the beating of a drum. They keep the Sabbath and on that day the markets throughout the country are closed. The archdeacon says the relations between the Protestants and Catholics are good, and that the field is still large enough for all denominations. Said he: "I am glad to have the Catholics do what they can. We are all working to benefit the natives, and we all believe in the great, the Lord's prayer and the Ten Commandments." This mission has to a large extent abolished the savage customs common here in the past, slavery and chiefs cannot maim or kill their subjects. The natives as a rule are each but one wife and many of their children are now being sent to school and taught the three R's. Both the Catholics and Protestants have manual training schools and there is also a high school here at Mengo. I wish I could show the American

skeptics who doubt the good of mission work the great Protestant cathedral which has been built here by the natives with their own money. It stands on the hill of Namirembe about three miles from Kampala, and it can be seen for miles around. My first glimpse of it was on my way inland from Lake Victoria, and I thought then that it must be the palace of the king. It is an enormous structure of sundried brick with a roof of velvety thatch which rises in three spires of the same material. The architecture makes you think of the wonderful temples of Siam or Burmah, save that this, to my eye, is far the more beautiful. The structure covers about half an acre and it can accommodate 5,000 worshippers.

Its walls are about fifty feet high and are of great thickness. They are of rich red color. From their tops sloping upward to a ridge with a beautiful curve extends the mighty roof, which is so large that it took more than 200 tons of grass to cover it.

The interior is equally beautiful. It is a symphony of whites and blacks and rich dark reds. The floors are of sundried bricks and so are the walls. The roof is composed entirely of reeds of elephant grass, laid together in bunches and so tied with black shraga from the swamps as to give it a decorative effect. The roof is upheld by many red brick columns and the work of fitting the roof to the walls is beautifully done. The building is in the shape of a cross with a great nave sixty feet wide and with a chancel for the choir at the front. The people come in bringing skins and mats with them and they sit cross-legged upon these during the preaching.

This great church is the fourth which has been built here. The first was made many years ago. It was constructed by the voluntary labor of the natives and its labor cost represented \$5,000. This was at the rate of 6 cents per day for the men who worked upon it, and at our wages of \$1 a day the labor cost would be over \$30,000. All this was given of their own free will by the natives, and they must have had considerable faith to have done so. A short time after the church was built it was destroyed by one of the big thunder-storms common to this part of the world. The present cathedral which has taken its place was erected in 1904. Ten thousand natives were present at its dedication.

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